

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone

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- Include God in Your Home Blueprints—*Frances P. Reid*
- We Adopted an Older Child—*Ellen Bryan*

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The *Hearthstone* Magazine for the Christian Home

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Don't Be an Apple Polisher

Apple polishing is an ancient human custom. You can't call it an art; for there is nothing clever or ingenious about it. An apple polisher is as phony as a three dollar bill, and can be spotted almost as readily as one.

An apple polisher is an individual who will overthrow his own beliefs and convictions and give insincere praise and flattery to people to gain their favor (or something else). It is the school-boy who gushes over his old-maid teacher in order to get a passing grade in English. It is the salesman who, although against his principles, takes a drink with a promising client who can't be entertained except at a tavern or cocktail party. It is the social climber who verbally agrees with and lavishly flatters the "right" people in order to ascend the social ladder more rapidly. It is the college student who drinks and smokes merely to gain the approval of the crowd.

How much better it is to be genuine and sincere; to be true to your own beliefs and convictions; in other words, to be yourself!

What's Here? Our new homes often contain beautiful stone fireplaces, pine paneled recreation rooms, screened-in patios, and living rooms designed for very gracious living. But how many of us make room for God in our house plans? Frances P. Reid knows a family who did find room for God in their new home; and she tells about them in her article, "Include God in Your Home Blueprints."

If you are a childless couple approaching middle age, you undoubtedly realize that it would not be prudent for you to adopt an infant. There is, however, the possibility of adopting an older child. If you have thought about doing this, but have had misgivings, we recommend that you read Ellen Bryan's article, "We Adopted an Older Child."

On the continent of Africa, replete with ancient superstitions, customs, and religions, emerges the one hope of salvation—the women of the various tribes. James W. Carty, Jr., a newspaper man and instructor in religious journalism at Scarritt College in Tennessee, has written an excellent article for us called "Women Can Win Africa for Christ." Mr. Carty recently returned from a three-month visit to Tanganyika, East Africa, where he took part in a literacy project.

What's Coming? Look for, among others, "The Things a Child Wants"; "Why Not a Prayer Break?" "How Big Is Your Bible?"

Till next month,

S. W.

INCLUDE GOD

IN YOUR HOME BLUEPRINTS

by Frances P. Reid

We christen ships, dedicate bridge spans, parade homecoming war aces and sports figures, provide bon voyage parties for those who travel abroad, and set aside special days or weeks for everything from cats to pickles; but how many of us pause to invite God into our homes? We open the doors to the architects, the masons, the carpenters, the electricians, the upholsterers, the drapers, the moving vans, and the friends who come to wish us well; yet when the homes into which we have put so much of our dreams and plans are finished, too often we close the door on God.

When my mother was renovating her childhood home, originally built just after the Civil War, one of the carpenters called to her attention an opening near the fireplace. "This looks like a cornerstone," he remarked. "Anything you care to place here?"

Quickly, Mother brought a Bible and inscribed the following words: "For those to come, this is to say

that this family believes every word of this Book to be the Word of God," and affixed the signature, "The Pughs," and the date. Carefully, she wrapped the Bible in heavy paper and laid it in the designated spot. As the workmen halted their work and stood with bowed heads, Mother offered a prayer; and then the Bible was sealed in place with brick and mortar.

The cornerstone is the first step. The second may be illustrated by an event that recently transpired in Boise, Idaho. When the Albert M. Fuehrers moved into their new home on Sycamore Drive near the foothills that ring the city, they expressed a desire to have their home blessed by the inclusion of Christ. They wanted the walls that enclosed their little world to mean something more than mortar and wood, view windows, and space for gracious living. All of these benefits were to be desired—especially the space for their three children and the assorted pets

Flanking the candelabrum, the Fuehrer family begin the home dedication ceremony. From left to right are Valerie, Mr. Fuehrer, reading the words of recognition, Michael, Richard, Mrs. Fuehrer, and Dr. Harry E. Coulter, minister.



—photos by Barbara Haasch



Richard and Michael light candles to family love, happiness, friendship, co-operation, appreciation, Christian service, and spiritual enrichment.

that include a dog, a parakeet, chameleons, a turtle, and cats. They saw the acreage not only as grazing land for their riding horse, but as the vineyard and garden of the Lord.

In a unique and impressive ceremony, witnessed by the Criteria Class of young married couples to which they belong, the Fuehrers dedicated their home "as a unit in the church universal, an instrument of the Kingdom of God, a place for worship and Christian training, and a threshold to the life eternal."

Just before twilight there was a barbecue supper on the spacious patio in the rear, after which the group adjourned to the huge L-shaped living room. Flanking a massive white candelabrum, the family faced its pastor, Dr. Harry E. Coulter, of the First Baptist Church. As the musical prelude ended, Mr. Fuehrer read from the open Bible in his hands: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in." His wife answered with the words, "We recognize Christ as the head of this house, its guest, and also its Lord."

Following the recognition, Dr. Coulter spoke on the "Beatitude From the Family," and then he offered prayer, petitioning that the Master strengthen and uphold them in the keeping of their vows. In unison the fifty guests read a poetical house blessing beginning, "Bless the four corners of this house" and ending, "And peace of man, the peace of God, the peace of love o'er all." As scriptural background, Dr. Coulter read the new commandment "that ye love one another" from the Gospel According to John (13:34, 35) and the hallowed love passages from the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians (13:4-7). Listening to these words, the hearers

sensed the significance of such admonitions for relationships not only within the home, but in all the varied climates of man's life.

Again the father's voice took up the declaration that proclaimed God as the spirit bringing the family together; and the wife affirmed their will to work and to pray that "our house may be a source of strength to its members and a place of warmth and fellowship to all who come into it."

When the plans for the service were being discussed, the Fuehrers had pondered the participation of the children and had had their doubts on this subject counteracted with the vigorous and enthusiastic response of their three: "We want to be a part of the ceremony and to have something to do." Holding lighted tapers, the two boys, Michael, aged 11, and Richard, 7, alternated in lighting the candles of the candelabrum. As the lights flared into golden cones, the Fuehrers dedicated their home to family love, happiness, friendship, co-operation, appreciation, Christian service, and spiritual enrichment. The walls echoed with the antiphonal responses read by the guests.

Five-year-old Valerie knelt before the fireplace and lighted the banked logs, symbolizing the hearth as the center about which the family would gather in gaiety, in leisure, in hospitality, in the sharing of mutual joys and sorrows, and for family devotions.

After Dr. Coulter's dedicatory prayer, a soloist sang "Bless This House," by Helen Taylor, and the group united in signing the hymn, "Take My Life." For the Fuehrers the words had double significance: They were both affirming and renewing their faith

(Continued on page 28)

Five-year-old Valerie lights the fireplace that symbolizes the hearth as a gathering place for the members of the family joined in joys and sorrows.



we adopted an older child

by Ellen Bryan

When announcements reached friends and relatives informing them of the arrival by adoption of our daughter, age eight, they wondered why we had chosen an older child instead of an infant. There were several reasons.

Adopting a child of school age was suggested to us by a film which Dave had been called upon to run for one of the adult Sunday church school classes. The picture made an appeal to childless couples to adopt older children; and it left a deep impression on both of us. Although we had discussed "adoption" on many occasions, it never before had occurred to us to choose an older child.

We were approaching the age of forty; and if we had had a child of our own, we reasoned, it probably would be a teen-ager by this time. Starting with an infant seemed out of the question.

We applied for our daughter through the State Child Welfare Department and furnished them with a certificate of good health. We asked for a child that would fit into our home, one to whom we could adjust and help to guide in her growth and development. We did not want an infant that would be entirely dependent upon us.

A social worker came to our home, became acquainted with us, and made a careful study of our ideals and goals. With this knowledge she then could select the child with whom we would be happy and who would be happy with us. We did not specify an age, but

This is an article especially for married couples approaching middle age, who would like to adopt a child.

left this decision entirely to the judgment of our social worker. We hoped for a child that was either ready for school or of school age. The social worker left interesting reading material to prepare us for parenthood. We were informed that this would be not only an adjustment for the child, but for us as well.

We had served as foster parents on several occasions by taking high school children into our home for short periods; but taking a younger child on a permanent basis by adoption filled us with a great sense of responsibility.

We eagerly awaited the arrival of our little daughter. Not knowing her age or size, we were denied the pleasure of making clothing purchases in advance; but we began to buy piece goods that would be suitable for play suits and dresses. I soon had one dresser drawer completely filled.

While we were waiting for Sally, we had many contacts with our social worker and learned many things. All dependent children are not placed under the direction of our trained State Child Welfare staffs. Many of them fall into the hands of black market operators and other such money-making agencies. Obtaining a child through these channels not only is very expensive, but in many in-

stances may be tragic. Natural parents often have knowledge of where the child is placed, and may cause trouble for the foster parents later on. Since the Child Welfare Department does not receive all of the state's dependent children, only a few applicants out of several thousand may receive a child. If the applicants are seeking an infant, the waiting period usually is longer than that required for an older child; for there is less demand for school-age children. After a girl or boy reaches the age of eleven, chances of his being adopted are very few. Many lovely and brilliant children are denied the love and happiness that foster parents can give because of the general notion that adoption is limited merely to infants.

School-age children usually have experienced a keen loneliness. They have not known love and security. They have, therefore, a deep and sincere appreciation for the new home and parents. The excitement and happiness of an older child on being wanted and loved make him eager to obey and please his new mother and father.

Foster parents are granted more assurance in keeping their child under the direction of the State Welfare Department. The child usually comes under state care by

decision of a judge in court. If eligible for adoption, the child is placed in a foster home for a few months and allowed to recover from the emotional shock suffered by separation from former associates or relatives. Our daughter had been placed with a lovely Christian widow, who prepared her for meeting us and the adjustment that was to come.

In choosing an older child, parents have more of the health and mental history than can be provided with an infant. The aptitudes and abilities have been measured; and the new parents have more accurate knowledge of what they may expect. The Child Welfare Department makes every effort to match the child to the foster parents in matters of intelligence, race, religion, complexion, and build.

The Saturday after school was out, our social worker called and said that she had a little girl for us, and wanted to talk with Dave and me. The five-month waiting period, filled with impatience and

anxiety, had seemed long indeed. Sally was eight, we were told, and a most promising child. Both Dave and I had had a college education and, according to the psychiatrist who examined her, Sally had the ability for a higher education. We liked music, and Sally had a talent for it. Her racial background matched ours. The color of her hair and her complexion was similar to ours. Her facial features were like mine . . . she actually looked like me. Her eyes were the same color as Dave's. We were glad that we had left the selection of our child to the judgment of the Child Welfare Department; for they had made a most careful study of our case and had overlooked nothing. This was truly our child, with characteristics, racial background, intelligence, and talents matching our own.

The day that Sally arrived was the most exciting and important day of our lives! Two social workers accompanied her; for Sally's feelings and reactions also were

given careful consideration. She, too, must be happy and satisfied with the selection of her new parents. We passed the supreme test and met with her approval. I took Sally by the hand and showed her our home and her room. I gave her the beautiful baby doll, dressed in blue, that was our gift to her upon arrival.

Sally's adjustment to her new parents, home, neighborhood, and school was not difficult. The first step in helping her adjust to us was a visit with our pastor. He took Sally on his knee and talked with her, explaining that this was her church where she would grow up and attend Sunday church school. He also explained what it meant to be adopted and that she was to be our little girl always. That same day she enrolled in vacation church school at her own request.

Sally's feeling of insecurity had caused her to be afraid of the dark. She would awaken during the night; and it was not easy for her to go back to sleep. On these occasions we rocked her and sang lullabies, supplying her with love and affection that had been denied her as an infant. This problem of insomnia was solved when Dave brought home a small night light, which burned in her room every night for two years. When Sally stated that she no longer needed it, we knew that she had overcome her fear of the darkness and had developed a feeling of security.

Foster parents also face an adjustment. To have a child placed with a couple whose habits and interests for years had revolved around activities that did not include children, calls for an immediate change of habits. We found that we could not go out evenings during the week as we had done formerly. On occasions when we went out without her, Sally had to be prepared for our absence in advance and a sitter engaged. When we took Sally out, we had to be in early; but we loved it.

We were advised that Sally's need of a mother was so great that she would probably slight Dave and show him less affection. We did not find this to be the case.

"Our lives have been richer, fuller, and happier since Sally came to make her home with us."

—photo by erb



Sally was very demanding of affection from Dave. Every night after her bath she would "play possum" on a chair in some far corner of the house and force him to carry her to bed. Dave's strong arms around her small body gave her assurance of his love and a feeling of security.

When we enrolled Sally in school in the fall, the principal placed her under the teacher who he thought would be most capable in helping her make the school adjustment. Although she had an intelligence rating above average, our social worker explained that Sally probably would not meet that level the first year. Her greatest weakness was in speech. Although she could read well, her retarded vocabulary was a great handicap when she tried to express herself. We placed her under a speech teacher for a year. Her school work has improved steadily each year, until her grades now measure up to her intellect. We found all of Sally's teachers very helpful and eager to assist her in the adjustment that covered several years.

During the first year when we were alone, I would say to her very casually, "How is my precious little chosen child today?" We were constantly assuring her that we loved and needed her. So strongly have we instilled this affection in her mind that she was undisturbed when a schoolmate directed an unkind remark to her about being adopted.

Our social worker explained that Sally would talk about former associations, since she had known another family. We were advised to permit her to talk about her memories; then tactfully to change the subject by asking her about the events of the present day. As she has grown older, those memories have faded; and now she never mentions them. When she puts her arms around us, as she does every day, and says, "You're the nicest mother and daddy in the world," nothing else matters.

Recently, she asked us to not mention the word "adopted," and said, "I want to think of you as always being my mother and

daddy." Not long ago, Sally asked me about an incident that happened when she was a baby. I was quick to catch on and play the game with her. Other children had mentioned things that happened when they were babies; and she had to remain silent. I began making up little tales that are characteristic of all babies, and that satisfied her.

Occasionally, problems still arise. Last winter Sally was invited to a party and was told to bring a baby picture of herself for a game that was to be played. I hurriedly located a photograph of a friend's baby for Sally to take with her.

At the end of a twelve-month probation period to test the relationship, final adoption papers were signed, and Sally legally became our daughter. The only expense was the \$5.00 court fee for registration of the adoption. That was several years ago.

Dave gave Sally the choice of a piano or a bicycle. She chose the

piano and began studying music. Although now only a teen-ager, she has dedicated her life to service in her church. Her ambition is to be a church organist. Her first step in the attainment of her goal has already been realized; for this year she was appointed pianist of her Sunday church school department.

Already Sally has brought honor to the name that she acquired when she became our daughter. She has won a radio contest with a cash award, several State Fair awards for art work, and has had a poem accepted for publication.

Our lives have been richer, fuller, and happier since Sally came to make her home with us. Many of our friends have said that Sally is lucky to have such a good home; but her abundance of love and affection far outweighs the material gifts that she has received. We feel richly blessed for having been awarded the privilege of rearing and guiding this lovely little girl. We are glad we chose an older child!

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"How long will it take to come up?"

The Worthless One

Samuel made an effort to appear brokenhearted; but a mischievous twinkle spoiled the effect. "Sorry to be so worthless. Will work hard rest of day," he said.

—Illustration by Winifred Jewell

"But you must take her," Rachel insisted. She was talking to Chris Harwell, the missionary in charge of the orphanage.

"I'm sorry," said Chris, looking sadly down at the pitiful, dark little girl beside him and running a hand through his graying hair. "I want to help her as much as you do. But we can scarcely buy enough food for the children that we have. We can't take on another one."

"But she doesn't have anyone to care for her, and can't even remember when she ate last," pleaded Rachel.

"I know. But there are thousands of children like this in India. We can't hope to help them all."

"This one came to us because she felt that we could help her," wailed Rachel. "We just can't let her down."

"I'm sorry, Rachel, really sorry. But we have too many children to care for already."

Slowly, Rachel opened her purse and took a bill from it, careful not to let the older missionary see that it was the only one she had. "Here! This will pay for the first month," she said. "We can get someone back home to sponsor her by next month."

Chris Harwell made no move to take the money. "Now, Rachel," he said, "I know how much you and Peter need that money. Since you've been so busy, you haven't had a chance to put in a garden. Your food bills must be terrific."

"This child has neither food, nor savings bonds, nor a salary coming in on the first of the month!" She thrust the money into Chris's hand and turned to go.

"I shouldn't let you do it," said Chris unhappily, "knowing that the Worthless One is eating you out of house and home."

Rachel whirled angrily. "I thought you agreed to help us persuade the village people to call him



Samuel," she snapped.

"I'm sorry," murmured Mr. Harwell, trying hard to look contrite, "but the other name fits him so well, I just can't help it."

Rachel had to let a grunt of annoyance and a slam of the screen door serve for argument. For she, too, sometimes called her sweeper boy the Worthless One in her own mind. If he wasn't spying or eavesdropping, he was running off to gossip and play when he should have been working. When she did get hold of him long enough to start him sweeping, she would return to find the dirt carefully pushed into a corner or under a chair. If he had had somewhere else to go, she would have fired

"I'm sorry," said his wife humbly. Then her face brightened. "But whenever I give away too much, God always gives it back to us some way," she said gaily. "We'll be all right. You'll see."

"Oh, really, Rachel!" her exasperated husband almost shouted. As he slammed on his *topee* and left the bungalow, he knew that he had received his cue to pray; but he did not feel at all sure what to ask for. He wanted to demand that God make his wife more sensible. Perhaps, however, he should ask instead for a more childlike faith for himself. "Thy will be done," he murmured at last. Then he began wandering aimlessly around the compound.

Looking at the letter, she saw that it came from her mother. "But of course," she smiled happily to herself, "Mother almost always sends a check."

She ripped the letter open, but no check fluttered out. She began to read. "Dearest children: I'm sorry I can't send a gift this week. Your father has to have a hearing aid from this month's pay, and I broke my glasses. . . ."

The words blurred. Rachel sat down and stared straight ahead for a long time. Until Peter returned, in fact.

"Why Rachel, what's the matter?" he asked when he saw the downcast expression on her face. He noticed the letter. "Bad news

by Lois Duffield

him. But who else would care for a lazy orphan boy with an insatiable appetite?

Rachel sighed. Thinking of appetites reminded her that she had just given away all the cash that she and Peter had; that the nearest place to cash the bonds was 150 miles away; and that there was not enough food for even one good meal left in the house.

"Home already?" said Peter in surprise as she walked into the mission bungalow. Then he noticed her empty arms and worried visage. "What happened?" he asked in a tone that said he already knew, but hoped it might be something else just this once.

Rachel swallowed hard. "Well, I was just starting for the bazaar when this poor, hungry little girl came up to me—"

"So you gave our last *pice* to put her into the mission orphanage. Won't you ever learn that we can't personally take care of every orphan in India?"

"Samuel!" called Rachel when Peter had left. "Samuel!" The empty house rang with unaccustomed silence. "Now where is that worthl—that boy!" she muttered, remembering that she had heard him sweeping when she came in. "Samuel!" she shouted. "That ungrateful little scamp," she fumed. "Eats up everything in sight and then disappears when work needs to be done!"

Glancing around the compound, she noticed the *dak walla* coming up the road, a heavy mailbag weighing him down. Her angry face relaxed into a smile. "There comes mail from the states, with a check in every letter," she chortled as she went to the door. The *dak walla* handed her one small letter. "Is this all?" she asked incredulously. He checked.

"That is all, Memsahib," he answered, unsurprised that such a new missionary would set great store by mail from the United States.

from home?" he questioned, his forehead wrinkling with concern.

Rachel looked up. "There wasn't a check," she said tonelessly, shaking the tears from her eyes. "There wasn't a check. God has always taken care of us before," she added. "Why not now?"

"God is the same yesterday, today, and forever," Peter replied, "and he's still ruling the world, you know. Perhaps he is just trying to teach us something."

"I guess he wants me to learn to be more prudent with your money," said Rachel contritely.

"Maybe he is showing me what it means to be without food, so that I will have more concern for the physical needs of these people," said Peter humbly.

They sat together in silence for a few long minutes, deep in thought. "Thy will be done," said Rachel at length.

"Thy will be done," echoed Peter. (See next page.)

They looked up at the sound of bare feet pounding along the dusty road, only to find Samuel running toward the house, holding a bunch of vegetables.

Grinning widely, he came in and handed the vegetables to his Mem-sahib. "Harwell Memsahib give me beautiful vegetables for you, because she have too many in garden," he said in his very best English.

"Well how nice of her!" Peter exclaimed.

But Rachel's annoyance at the boy's disappearance returned with him. "What were you doing at the Harwells' house?" she demanded. "You had no business there!"

Samuel made an effort to appear broken hearted; but a mischievous twinkle spoiled the effect. "Sorry to be so worthless. Will work hard rest of day," he said, returning to his sweeping with unaccustomed energy.

Rachel heard a low chuckle and turned to see Peter laughing at her. "When God does provide for you, you shouldn't scold his emissary," he told her.

She smiled. "It does solve supper at least, doesn't it?" she said.

A little later, a timid knock at the door revealed a servant carrying a huge basket of rice. "Probad Babu has overflowing granaries," the man explained. "He hopes you will do him the very great favor of accepting this immeasurably small amount."

Rachel thanked the man and gave him a note of thanks for his master.

Next a woman came with a basket of eggs out of gratitude for a favor that Peter had once done in getting her boy out of trouble. The boy who brought the *dhal* said it was the tithe from his own small garden plot. The potatoes and onions came from a young couple who had neglected to pay for their wedding ceremony. When Peter saw Ram Mukherjee struggling up the road under a huge bunch of bananas, he turned to Rachel and said,

"I know that God works in mysterious ways, dear, but doesn't it seem that an awful lot of people got the same idea at the same time?"

Rachel smiled. "I was just thinking that myself," she replied.

When Ram had dropped his load at Peter's feet and before he could start spinning his story, Peter said,

"Thank you with all my heart. But how did you know we needed them?"

The man's grin set white teeth contrasting with his glistening black face. "The Worthless One," he said. "He overheard that you were trusting God for your next meal. He came and told us saying, 'How can the Lord do this thing except with the hands of those who will serve him?'"

"The Worthless One! I should have known!" exclaimed Rachel, trying not to remember that she had scolded him. "God works in mysterious ways to be sure!"

"Yes," smiled Ram. "He speaks sometimes even to the worthless ones."

"You must not call Samuel by that name in my presence any longer," Peter reproved.

The man looked surprised. Then he said thoughtfully, "You are right. Samuel does fit him better now!"

HEARTHSTONE VISITING NURSE—Beulah France, R.N.

Mrs. France, a professional, registered nurse—also a wife and mother—hopes to help *Hearthstone* readers with health maintenance. Physical, social, spiritual, and mental health are all closely interwoven. What influences one affects all.

Some of the greatest ministers today have doctors on call with whom they frequently discuss puzzling problems presented by members of their congregations. More and more medical men are in frequent communication with religious leaders.

These two professions co-operate closely with professional, registered nurses. Those in specialized fields feel increasingly conscious of being completely dependent

upon God for the health of their patients.

Hearthstone wants to bring to all of you the benefits offered by an ardent Christian, professional, registered nurse. With God's guidance this short column will give good health suggestions. *Hearthstone's* Visiting Nurse will come into your homes every month. When writing for advice, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

More than 200 different editors have published material written by Mrs. France. Her work has appeared in England, Canada, and South America, and has been translated for local magazines and newspapers.

It's a Fact:



A nasturtium
is literally
a "twisted nose."



"To decide"
literally means
"to cut into."

Women Can Win Africa for Christ

by James W. Carty, Jr.

The author believes that the women of Africa are the ones who most clearly see the need for Christianity on their continent.

Zechariah and Musa, two brothers of the Ilamba tribe, herded the beautiful black Zebu cattle of their father, Mikail Aroni, in mid-afternoon in central Tanganyika, East Africa.

The boys lazily daydreamed as they looked toward huge granite rocks in the distance. Some, as high as 200 feet and wide as 50 feet, had been formed by volcanic eruptions millions of years ago.

Elizabeth, a young woman of the Ilamba tribe in Tanganyika, and women of the other 900 tribes in Africa are the best hope for winning the continent of Africa for Christ.



The boys imagined that they saw different faces in the rock formations: humans of neighboring tribes, or wild animals, such as rhino, buffalo, antelope, elephants, and leopards.

Just then, a powerful lion, hungry before the usual time of sunset, moved out of the tall grassland and attacked one of the cows.

Zechariah, 12, the oldest, had only a walking stick for protection. But he ran toward the lion and swung the top of the stick, which was round and curved like the bottom of a golf driver club.

The lion, unmoved by the blow, swung one mighty paw and hit the lad brutally, caving in his right side.

Zechariah fell to the ground. Musa, 8, took his stick and began hitting at the lion. The steady rain of blows, while not powerful, diverted the animal, which returned to the underbrush.

Then Musa helped his wounded, semi-conscious brother to his feet and told him to lean on him. The two walked six miles to a dispensary at the Augustana Lutheran mission, at Kinanmapda.

The older boy collapsed on the doorstep of the mud brick building. Then a white missions nurse tenderly picked him up and placed him in bed.

Working swiftly, she poured raw sulfa into the wound, to stop the spread of infection. She prepared other medications.

By now, the Aronis had arrived. The nurse and the parents also began praying.

Within ten days, the boy had recovered.

Through healing and the other forms of ministry of missions, Africans have come to know Christ and God concretely. For an uneducated tribesman or woman, that is important—for he lives with and understands the specific, not the abstract.

Love is one of the powerful forces at work in Africa.

It is opposed by another strong current, that of hate, which is motivated partly by fear, ignorance, and misunderstanding.

Hate is symbolized in the fanatical cry of the Moslem: "Kill the unbeliever!" It is an injunction which finds support in his holy scripture, the Koran.

Fear is widespread among the animists, who believe that evil spirits reside in inanimate objects, such as trees, stones, and brooks.

These spirits, the pagans and animists believe, control the daily activities of people and animals. The superstitious walk about anxiously, hoping to avoid dread hexes from enemies.

The Moslems and animists have much in common: They believe that God is far away and has no direct concern for or control over the daily activities of humans.

They know not the Christian God as Father, whose sons are loving brothers and whose daughters are compassionate sisters.

Moslem and animist men have a low regard for women. This is the basis of their present rapid growth, but also is the seed of their eventual destruction and the triumph of Christianity in Africa.

The Moslems have strength in one of their main emphases: public prayer. Five times daily they sit, take off their shoes, wash their hands in sand or water, face Mecca, and meditate.

These public displays indicate a pride in their faith, a lack of shame which some other religionists feel in grudgingly admitting that they are church members. Such public prayers win the respect of observers, if not their allegiance.

Moslems also share the same dark-skin color of

Africans. Arab sheiks, or religious leaders, play on this theme when they proselyte:

"Christianity largely has been a white man's religion," they say. "But we Moslems eat with you at the same table, worship at the same mosques, and even intermarry."

The Moslems' faith of Islam is a simple, seemingly uncomplicated one to learn. It is based largely on affirming, "There is no God but God (Allah), and Mohammed is his prophet."

There are at least two other main reasons why Islam is spreading faster than Christianity, and why the former has about twice as many adherents as the latter in Africa.

The Moslems, like their founder Mohammed, who lived in the last part of the sixth century and the first part of the seventh century, have a will-to-power and a lust for the sensual.

At present, these are reasons for the growth and dynamic of the movement. Eventually, however, they will prove to be the ruin of Islam.

The Arabs have a drive to establish an all-Arab state which will win and rule the entire continent. Headquarters is Cairo, Egypt, and the leader, Colonel Nasser, is the symbol of a pan-African nationalism.

Moslems permit their adherents to have at least four legal wives and as many illegal concubines as will support the husbands.

Support it is, too; for in many parts of Africa, women do at least 90 per cent of the hard work in the fields, and the children do the other 10 per cent.

One African of the Ilamba tribe had thirty-two



Mrs. Ruben Pederson, missionary nurse of the Augustana Lutheran church, talks about hoeing in gardens with the wife of a tribesman of the Ilamba in Tanganyika, East Africa.

wives, each of whom worked a different farm for him. There are far more women than men; and the females apparently would rather share a husband than have none at all.

Yet the day of the typical wife of a farmer—and 90 per cent of the Africans are farmers—is one of hard work and little pleasure.

In Tanganyika the mother arises early each morning before sunup in a small stick or mud-brick house which has a rotting thatched roof. Rooms have barren, dirt floors, with little furniture: grass mat beds (probably woven by the women) and grass baskets (also woven by them) for storing grain.

The Tanganyikan housewife cooks her millet or maize for porridge, the main and probably only meal for her husband and children. If the porridge is burned or the broth is too thin, she may be scolded by her husband.

Later, she will place a big pack of clothes on her back and an empty gourd on her head. Stooped from the heavy load, she will walk a mile to the nearest water hole. When she stops to talk briefly with other mothers about their children or work or troubles, she may be criticized sharply by her mother-in-law.

Later, she will go to the fields and do the hard work: hoeing, planting, and gathering the harvest. Her husband may sit under the shade of a thorn tree, watching his wife, or again, with spear or knife may go out hunting.

Upon her return, she will find her sons bringing the herd into the kraal, the wooden fence which surrounds the house and is an enclosure for animals.

Her son, named Zebulin, for example, will call her "Mama Zebulin." For she has less status than her



The Rev. Ruben Pederson, American missionary of the Augustana Lutheran church, admires the young son of a woman of the Ilamba tribe in Tanganyika. House calls, which express a personal interest in the natives, help win women to the church.

—photos from the author



Two symbols of the most powerful African forces are the facial expression of love of Marian Pederson, 6, daughter of a Lutheran missionary in Tanganyika, and the hate which is spread by the little neelega, a sparrowlike bird which destroys crops.

oldest son, and will be known by his name, not hers.

African women lack the economic and political powers and social status enjoyed by western women. The work of African women is not even given the dignity that it has in the Communist orbit.

Husbands do not feel it necessary to confide in their wives. Some men, without even bothering to tell their wives, go off to work for months on large cotton, sisal, tobacco, or coffee plantations. The result: de-tribalization and the breakdown of the family system. The deserting husbands often live in compounds on the plantations. On week ends, they look for other women. There is a double standard for men.

The women, not the men, are penalized when there are illegitimate children. When unwed women of the Meru and Pare tribes in Tanganyika become pregnant, they are driven out of their parents' homes. They are outcasts.

In central Tanganyika divorce can be obtained easily by husbands.

A female always is a minor in the eyes of the law. Before marriage, she is under the auspices of her father; after marriage, her husband. She is not allowed into the yard of the baraza, or court, unless specifically invited.

In church, women and men sit on separate sides of the aisle. Men and children eat together, but women are not included.

Husbands dominate the conversations in homes. Women are expected to be silent when their husbands or male children talk. Women walk behind men on the dusty roads, or through the fields. Husbands do not let their wives have spending money. This

is true even of money earned by wives from the sale of vegetables, grass baskets, or other handicraft.

Men invent rationalizations to impose their will-to-power on women. Men want to eat the eggs and chickens, which are scarce, and have therefore spread the idea that women who eat them will become sterile.

Since sterility is a reason for divorce, women do not often risk eating eggs and chickens.

In many African tribes women are not allowed to care for their children from the time they stop nursing until they attend school.

African women may nurse one child until the next one comes along. Then when a new baby arrives, the older children go hunting or fishing with their father or follow him about in his other activities.

There are two major reasons for the circumscribed motherhood: the low social status of women and the low regard that their husbands have for the child-rearing abilities of their wives.

The situation is bleak, but not hopeless. A realistic analysis of the difficulties facing missionaries should challenge women to support more extensively their church's program of outreach.

For while the above customs and practices continue to be true of husbands and wives whose faith is Islam, pagan, or animist, they decreasingly are true of Christian parents.

If men are considering going off to work on plantations, they will talk things over with their wives. The two together will work out a decision.

Husbands may try to find ways to get their wives to accompany them to distant communities. If the

(Continued on page 28)



Miss Marion Halverson, American missionary of the Augustana Lutheran church, discusses Christian literature with young Ilamba women.



Albert Oamer in front of Frank Lloyd Wright's home in Taliensin, Wisconsin.

America has given the Oamer family a richer, fuller life—one undreamed of in their native country.

With the Passing Years

by Ewald Mand

The day was sultry and hot. On the rich fields of Maryland and Pennsylvania wheat was turning yellow, but the corn was still green. As we reached the verdant suburbs of Philadelphia, all signs of autumn vanished. The elm-bordered lawns were lush, sprinklers whirled, and tall trees stood still and dark in the diffused evening light.

In the Narberth station a late commuter train scattered another band of homecomers onto the platform. We passed them, turning into a quiet street. The white house stood back from the street

in the shade—a typical American suburban home, tranquil, lived-in, hospitable.

This was the new home of the Oamer family. Seven years ago we had welcomed them to Rockport, Mass., as they arrived in this country after a short stay in Sweden. Belated pilgrims from Communist occupied Estonia, they had come in search of a new home. Rock-bound New England had greeted them like so many others before with the smile of a dignified reserve. Separated now by circumstance, we were visiting them to renew our friendship.

Mr. Albert Oamer is an architect. In his home country he owned his own construction firm and other property. He is married and has two college-age daughters. As the Russian armies swept westward in 1944, invading the ancient freedom-loving countries of eastern Europe, the Oamers, together with countless others, fled toward the west. They finally arrived in Sweden, their very lives their only property. For three years they had labored there, dreaming of America. Then visas were granted, and the four sailed once more westward.



Maris sailing in Rockport, Massachusetts.

We find the Oamers at home, and we sit down for a friendly talk. Mr. Oamer tells us that he is now employed at Day and Zimmerman, one of the oldest architectural firms in Philadelphia.

"Why did you leave Rockport?" comes the inevitable query. "Surely, there is no other place more pleasant than Rockport, Mass., in the summer."

Mr. Oamer smiles wistfully. "We lived there for seven years and loved it," he says. "It is indeed a wonderful place, and we were well-situated there. Our home lay on the beach, facing the ocean. We made many friends, and for five years I played in the Legion band while both the girls did the same in the high school band. Maris took up yachting. But I wanted to see more of America, and so we moved on."

"But why to Philadelphia?"

"Well, besides Boston where I worked formerly, Philadelphia, is another old center of American culture and history. I wanted to live here. Since moving to Philadelphia, I have visited practically all the historical places and know more about them than before. After I had visited Independence Hall and had stood in Valley Forge, America means considerably more to me."

The family congregates in the kitchen, where Mrs. Oamer is busied in getting the supper ready.

But we sit in the living room; and my friend tells me about his life here. After a while he begins to show me his collection of classical records, a result of the search of many years. Several new discs have been added to it recently. He puts on a Bach prelude.

"You know," he says, "the things of beauty are eternal and permanent. Material things can be destroyed, left behind, and lost. But we carry the true riches within us, and nobody can rob them from us." He puts on another record, and all of us are quiet as we listen to the beautiful, melancholic music.

After the music stops, Mr. Oamer turns off the set and resumes his seat. "We are the fortunate ones," he says, "the ones who are permitted to live, while others die a slow death. We continue to do the things we love. You preach the Word; I design houses. We visit, listen to the music, write letters to our friends, take long walks. During my seven years in America, I have worked for many different firms, on many variegated types of homes and groups of buildings. But even under the fluorescent lights, bent over a drafting board, one feels the pulse of America, a country tearing down and rebuilding. American is a great country on the march. To be part of it gives one a sense of elation. Last year I visited Frank Lloyd Wright, one

of the greatest architects alive. This visit to Taliensin, Wisconsin, I will always treasure."

He opens a folder and takes out some pictures. On one of them I see him standing in front of the entrance of F. L. Wright's home. Listening to his account of this visit, I feel that what impressed my friend most was the unshackled spirit of a truly great man, free to speak his mind in a free society.

Another snapshot shows him with his wife and two daughters, both in white with bouquets of red roses.

"This was taken on their confirmation day," he says.

"So they were confirmed?"

"Yes. In Rockport we attended the Baptist church and were active in its many affairs; but we are Lutherans, and so we joined here a Lutheran church."

Later around the dinner table the details missing from the story are filled in. Mrs. Oamer, who was trained in Estonia in physical therapeutics, is working now once more in her chosen field in the nearby Lankenau Hospital. With pride she describes this most modern institution and her humble part in its service for mankind. The two girls have secretarial jobs for the summer. Maris, the older daughter, is a sophomore in the school of physical education at McGill University, Montreal, Canada, while Inna, the younger one, is now in Bradford Junior College in Massachusetts. She is interested in writing and sociology.

"Some of my friends, recent comers to the United States, own homes and other property," Mr. Oamer says ruefully, "but I have decided to make an investment of a different kind. Remember our talk of lasting values? Well, good education ranks high among them. Fleeing from our home country, we were forced to leave everything behind. But we did take with us education and acquired profes-

sional skills. Nobody could take them from us. So I have decided to invest my earnings in a good education for my children. Maybe it will last longer than everything else."

The girls now take part in the conversation. We learn that they highly esteem their respective schools. Maris is keenly interested also in religion and philosophy. She has attended the Northfield conferences, OITTKA Christian Student Conference, representing her school also on the National Christian Student Conference at Kansas State University.

Inna has served as house president and a member of Student Council at Bradford. She hopes to spend the last two years of her school life in one of the major colleges of the country.

Our discussion lasts late into the night. At times our talk veers back to the country and the friends that we have left behind. But the past is only a storehouse of sad memories, while the future is ahead of us. It challenges us with a business still unfinished. It beckons us with opportunities untried.

For seven years are but a beginning on a new road.

The Night of Growing Up

by Inna Oamer

It was just another night in the middle of an unusually bitter winter. The full moon was casting its silvery shadows across the bleak

earth. The entire countryside was covered with a blanket of stillness, while the minutes crept by slowly, one by one.

The people waited impatiently for their hour. Waiting, waiting, and wishing that it might arrive sooner and remove them from the agony of time. Minute by minute traveled on, one after another.

Then, suddenly, came the end, the end of time. From the eternally worshiped heaven descended flaming and destroying masses. The blanket of stillness was shattered, and the silvery shadows were no more. City after city and house after house were swallowed by a treacherous red sea of flame which spared no one and showed no mercy.

This was either the hour of faith and belief or of destiny and hell. This was the trial of parents' strength and of children's faith. This was the night of bloodshed and loss of relatives, friends, and thousands of lives. This was the night God led me by the hand to safety, and the night I grew up!

**THIS
SHORT ESSAY
VIVIDLY PORTRAYS
THE HORRORS
OF WAR.**



When the Oamers lived in Rockport, Mr. Oamer and the girls all played in bands: Mr. Oamer, in the Legion band, and Maris and Inna, in the high school band.

—photos from the Oamer family

Christian Family



Central Church, Denver, Colorado, observed Christian Family Week in a unique way. They encouraged their families and young people to be thinking about the meaning of the week by sponsoring an essay contest. Children of Junior age wrote essays on "The Junior's Place in the Christian Home," while the youth wrote on "What a Christian Family Means to Me." Prizes were awarded to the whole families of the winning writers in the form of subscriptions to *Hearthstone* and scholarships to attend family camp. The week climaxed on the evening of May 12 with a family program. As the families came, they joined in games that could be played in the home. After a light, informal evening meal, young and old joined in a rousing song-fest of songs that families love to sing together. Then everyone went into the sanctuary together to participate in a worship service led by the young people and hear the reading of the winning essays. Barbara Euser, Betsy Carr, Sharon Vorpapel, Margaret Williams, and Bette Brandenburg all won *Hearthstone* subscriptions for their families, while Donna Carr and Brent Brandenburg won the top prizes of \$10.00 and \$25.00 scholarships for family camp. The plan served a threefold purpose of (1) getting families to think together about the meaning of a Christian home, (2) encouraging the reading of *Hearthstone* and attendance at family camp, and (3) providing a fine opportunity for families to come together to learn to play, sing, and worship as a family group.

What a Christian Family Means to Me

by Brent Brandenburg

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33).

This scripture basically expresses my idea of a Christian home. If a family obeys Jesus' teachings, each member will find that his share of happiness, success, and the other good things of life will come to him.

Beliefs alone do not draw the line between a Christian and a non-Christian home: I feel that the application of these beliefs is most important. In a Christian home everyone should have a part, from the smallest child to the head of the home. The part of each person is that of responsibility to their church. If each member does not do his part, the home will not be a complete success.

A home must be firmly united. It is this feeling of unity that binds a person to his home and to his church. These two factors, responsibility and unity, are essential if a home is to be a Christian one.

In a Christian home every member realizes that the church should be the most important to them. Likewise, the home plays a vital part in carrying out the teachings of the church. This fact cannot be overemphasized.

In my opinion, if a person does not grow up in a

Week Observance

good Christian home, he cannot and will not be as good a Christian as he could have been if he were raised in one. This is where the parents' job as teachers comes in. If the parents set a good example and teach their children the importance of good Christian living, they have done much of their part. A parent who stops to think that the children of today are the world's leaders of tomorrow will realize its essentiality.

How to go about accomplishing the things I have mentioned is very important also. I think family worship is one very, very important way. Not only does it give the family a chance to settle any problem that may arise, but increases the family unity and reminds them of the importance of their religion. Church attendance is also very valuable. In attending church together they learn more about the Bible, their religion, and become a closer family.

Every good Christian home should strive for these ideals. Does yours?

The Junior's Place in the Christian Home

by Barbara Jean Euser

On Friday morning Barbara woke up bright and early. Barbara whispered, "I think it's time to get up. Maybe it's time to set the table or get dressed." Barbara had a very happy home. When Barbara

had set the table, she went into the living room and practiced on the piano. That afternoon Barbara went to the store. Barbara came home at 4:20 P.M. When she got home, she took off her dress and put on her duster. Then Barbara said a blessing with the family and ate supper. When supper was over, Barbara got on her pajamas and went to bed. Then after Barbara got settled, Mother read a Bible story. When Mother was finished, Barbara said her prayers and went to sleep.

On Saturday Barbara got up and made her bed and then she got dressed, and set the table. When she went to practice on the piano, Barbara said, "It is 8:00. Mother and Father should be up. I'll go in and wake them up." When Barbara had wakened them, she practiced on the piano. At breakfast time Barbara read the Bible. Barbara didn't play until she had carried out the trash and washed the dishes. Barbara went out to play at 10:00. She let the other children have their own way. Barbara shared her toys with them. Barbara tried to live like Jesus. That night Barbara's father read about Jesus and his apostles.

On Sunday Barbara went to Sunday school and church. Barbara was a member of the church. In everything Barbara did, she tried to live more like Jesus. These were the things Barbara did to help make her home a Christian home.

Worship in the Family with Children

To Use with Younger Children

Gary's Family

Gary, his mother, and his daddy were sitting at the lunch table. Daddy looked at Mother, then at Gary, and smiled.

"I'm surely glad for my family," he said.

"What's a family?" Gary asked.

"It's the people who live together," Daddy answered. "They love each other and help one another."

The next day Gary came into the house. "Mother," he said, "John has a brother and a sister in his family. They play together and help one another to have good times. Jimmy has a baby sister in his family. He loves her and plays with her and has a good time. I wish we had someone else in our family!"

Just then the postman came up onto the porch. He dropped some mail in the box.

"Want to help me by getting the mail?" Mother asked.

"Oh, yes!" Gary said, and he hurried out to the box.

When he came in with the letters, Mother looked at them and said, "Here's a letter from Grandfather. I must read it."

When the family had had dinner, Daddy said, "Time for a family talk!" So Gary and Mother and Daddy went into the living room and sat down.

"Mother had a letter from Grandfather today," Daddy began.

"Yes," Gary said, "we saw the postman. I brought it to her out of the box."

"Suppose we have Mother read part of it to us," Daddy said.

Mother got the envelope and took the letter out of it. She began to read.

"I suppose the time has come for me to do as you have wanted me to do—come and live with you. I have been sick, and the doctor says I should no longer live alone. So, when it is convenient for you, I would like to come."

Gary did not understand all of the big words. "What does it mean, Mother?" he asked.

"It means that Grandfather is going to be part of our family," Mother answered with a smile.

"To live here all the time?" Gary asked. Mother nodded.

"Will he love us and help us?"

"Indeed he will," Daddy said.

And he did! Grandfather read to Gary. He talked to Gary. He played games with Gary. He mended toys. It was wonderful to have Grandfather in the family!

—David W. Corson from *A. Devaney*



Theme for May:
**My Family
and My World**

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

To Use with Older Children

A Book to Read with Your Family

There are many things that families may enjoy together. Some families enjoy one kind of activity more than another. Some have particular hobbies. One pleasure that every family should share is reading books aloud.

One book that your family would enjoy reading in this way is *Boys and Girls Who Knew Jesus*. It begins with a story about the little new baby who had been born in an old cave-stable behind the inn in Bethlehem, and how some children, learning this, shared in this wonderful time in an unselfish way.

The story continues about some children playing in Nazareth, long, long ago. The games that they played are described. It tells what they saw about them. One thing that they saw in the distance was a man walking beside someone riding on a donkey. The person riding was carrying something. As these people drew nearer, the children saw that it was a woman riding, and that she was carrying a baby. The children felt very glad that they were able to help this family in ways that they thought of themselves. Later, their parents helped, too.

The baby grew. He learned fast. When he was a boy big enough to help his father, he always could be depended upon to do good work. You will want to know how he proved to be a good playmate, too.

The boy continued to grow. He grew to be a man. He was just as kind and helpful then as he had been when he was a boy. The children in the village loved him. The stories tell how he helped the children, and how he showed that he loved them, too.

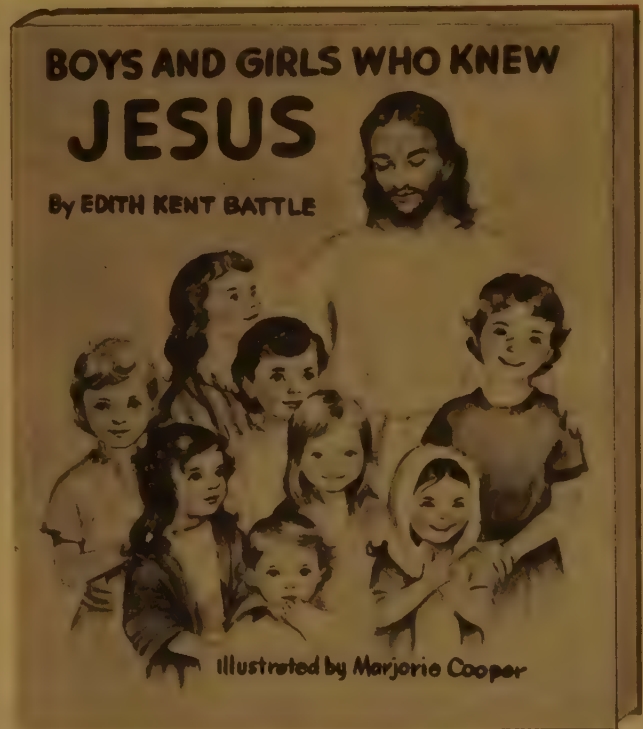
The big people in the village sometimes came to the man, too. He talked with them, but they did not always like what he said to them.

One day, an exciting thing happened! One of the village boys, Benjamin, had grown old enough to go to Jerusalem to visit the temple with his mother and father. Many wonderful things happened during the week that the family spent there. When they were ready to go home, Benjamin's uncle gave him a colt. But it was too young to leave its mother. So Benjamin had to leave it behind in Jerusalem. Benjamin told his friends all about his colt.

Benjamin made a new friend shortly after his return from Jerusalem. This friend was Jesus, whom most of the children of Nazareth already knew. Benjamin promised Jesus that when they both went to Jerusalem the next year, Jesus could ride his colt.

You will want to know whether Benjamin kept his promise, and if so, what happened. You also will want to read the other stories in this book.

Boys and Girls Who Knew Jesus was written by Edith Kent Battle, who knows many boys and girls in many parts of this country, and what they like to read. You will enjoy this book with its delightful pictures by Marjorie Cooper (Rand McNally, 1956, 48 pages, \$2.00).



Questions to Think About

If you had lived in Bethlehem long ago, do you think that you would have known that the little baby born in the stable would grow up to be the wonderful friend of children? Do you think you would have thought of a kind and helpful service that you could have done for the baby and his mother and father? Do you think of such things that you can do for those who live near you now?

Are you as loving and helpful in your family as Jesus was in his when he was a boy? Can your parents depend upon you to do good and careful work, to be responsible, to be dependable?

If you had been a child when Jesus was, do you think that you would have been one of his playmates? Would you have been a kind and helpful one, as he was? Do you try to be kind and helpful to the boys and girls with whom you play each day?

If you had been a child in Nazareth when Jesus grew to be a man, would you have gone to his carpenter shop with your joys and sorrows? With your problems? Would you have wanted to talk to this kind friend? Would you have loved him as the other children in the village did so long ago? Would you have been the kind of child he would have shown that he loved? Do the grown-up friends in your neighborhood show you that they love you because you are a loving and thoughtful girl or boy?

Are you willing to share your gifts with others, as Benjamin was?

For Family Worship

Call to Worship:

Behold, how good and pleasant it is
when brothers dwell in unity!

—Psalm 133:1.

Poem: Use one of the poems printed on these pages or choose from the following: primary pupil's book for first year, spring, "What Makes a Home," page 31, or "A Prayer for Home," page 45; "When Jesus Was a Child Like Me," primary pupil's book, year two, winter, page 13; "Prayer for a Pleasant Home," junior pupil's book, year one, summer, page 16.

Meditation: Plan your own meditation based on a favorite passage of scripture or on the call to worship; use "Something to Think About," junior pupil's book, year one, summer, page 3; or use a story followed by discussion. Choose between "Jesus' Home," primary pupil's book, year one, spring, beginning on page 32; "The Boy Jesus in His Nazareth Home," primary pupil's book, year two, winter, beginning on page 3; "I Am Glad for My Home," junior pupil's book, year one, summer, beginning on page 14.

Song: "Home," primary pupil's book, year one, spring quarter, page 34.

Prayer: Pray your own prayer; use "A Prayer," primary pupil's book, year one, spring, page 35; or use the following one: Dear God, we are glad that your plan for your world includes a home for every one of your creations—the little creatures of field and forest, and all the people of the world. We are glad for our own family and our own home where we are cared for so lovingly. Thank you for your loving thoughtfulness for us. Amen.

Thanks for Homes and Families

Dear God, of all your loving plans
I thank you most for these,
Your giving to us boys and girls
Homes and families.

For mothers and for fathers, too,
Who give us loving care,
For chances you have given us
At home to help and share.

And though the world is very large,
Help us, dear God, to be
A loving friend to every child
In your world family.

—Belle Chapman Morrill

Family Joys

Our family knows so many ways
That bring us glad and joyous days:
There's summer picnics in the park;
The happy sound of our pup's bark
When we've been gone and come back home
And he knows he is not alone;
Our sitting in the fragrant night
To watch the firefly's little light.
We love the colored lights that fall
From our church windows, bright and tall;
The way the organ soars and sings;
We're glad, dear God, for all these things.

—Jessie B. Carlson

—Ewing Galloway



The Really Family

by Helen L. Renshaw

Every morning at exactly seven o'clock Mrs. Todd got out of bed. She put on her neat blue dress and tied on a tiny yellow apron. She went to the kitchen and put the teakettle on the fire. Then she called Mr. Todd.

"Do get up, Mr. Todd," she said. "Mr. Sun is up. Mr. Sun is round and yellow and warm."

Every morning Mr. Todd would stretch. He would yawn. He would sit up and sniff . . . and sniff. "Smells very good," he would say. "I like eggs and blueberry muffins."

Then Mrs. Todd's eyes would twinkle. For Mr. Todd couldn't smell eggs or blueberry muffins. How could he when only the kettle was on the fire? It was just his way of telling Mrs. Todd what he would like for breakfast.

While the eggs sizzled and frizzled in the pan, Mrs. Todd looked out the window at her lovely gar-

den. There were bluebells and pink snapdragons and snow white daisies with black button centers. The lawn was beautiful. It was soft and green with a white fence around it like lace on a tiny green handkerchief.

When Mr. Todd was dressed, he sat down in front of one of the big blue plates on the kitchen table.

"Yum," he said when Mrs. Todd put eggs on his plate. "Oh, yum, yum!" he said when she passed him the blueberry muffins all dripping with butter.

Mrs. Todd sat down. She helped herself to a muffin . . . but no! This particular morning she didn't start to eat at all. She should have, of course. But she didn't feel like it. She didn't feel like washing the dishes or dusting all the pretty rooms in her pink house with the green roof. She didn't want to hang sheets out to dry.

She didn't want to bake a thick custard pie or sugar cookies or fat brown doughnuts with no holes in the center.

"Oh, my, dearest," said Mr. Todd. "Why do you look so sad?"

Mrs. Todd tried to smile. But she just couldn't. She sighed a long, long sigh. "We don't belong to anybody," she said. "And nobody belongs to us."

"Oh, my, dearest," said Mr. Todd. "Does that make you so very sad?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Todd. "It makes me feel very, very sad."

Mr. Todd got up. He got his second-best hat with the tiny robin feather on it. He kissed Mrs. Todd. "I know what will make you happy," he said.

He went outdoors. He walked along the crooked lane that went to Farmer Oats' barn.

"Farmer Oats," he said, "you have a big white cat. And you have four white kittens."

"Yes, I have," said Farmer Oats.

"I would like to have one of your tiny white kittens," said Mr. Todd. "I will give it the very best home."

"Please take one of my tiny kittens," cried Farmer Oats.

Mr. Todd carried the white kitten home very carefully. He found a warm blue blanket. He found a basket. Then he took the kitten to Mrs. Todd.

Mrs. Todd gave a glad little cry of happiness. She began to smile and smile. "Oh, you sweetie pie," she cried. "You are as soft and white as a marshmallow."

She named the kitten Marshmallow.

(Continued on page 28)



The Family Practices Religion at Home

Parents are the most effective teachers of religion. Their ideas, religious concepts, and moral standards are not only communicated but tested in the home. Children learn in many ways: through direct teaching and counsel, as well as through the influence of parents as they respond to each other, express attitudes, demonstrate their love and understanding, and practice the disciplines of Christian living. Within the environment of the home, expressions of insincerity and superficiality are quickly detected. Genuineness, on the other hand, is equally apparent. Parents who profess certain ideals, but fail to practice their religion at home, thereby condition children to question both the validity and significance of their Christian faith.

Whether or not parents consciously teach ideas, attitudes, and habits which are called religious, the fact remains that children inevitably develop a fundamental attitude toward life, toward the universe in which they live, and toward their fellowmen. Such attitudes are in their very nature religious. It is imperative, therefore, that parents be constantly aware of the lasting impressions which they are making upon the mind, spirit, habits, and character of their children.

Home Atmosphere Is Important

A Christian home environment does not happen automatically because parents are members of the church. Religious living is seven-day-a-week matter involving the practical application of Christian teachings to daily experience. Parents should engender a religious climate in the home, which is conducive to Christian growth, by providing a variety of experiences, including grace before meals, Bible reading, sharing Bible stories and information, family devotions, and prayers at bedtime. Thus, a sense of God's presence can be developed, contributing to each member's growing confidence and trust in God.

The patient answering of children's questions is also valuable in establishing a religious atmosphere within the home. As questions are answered, parents can communicate ideas and convictions about God, Jesus and his teachings, the Bible, and discuss

other subjects which frequently perplex the inquisitive minds of children.

The careful selection and placement of appropriate religious pictures throughout the home not only emphasizes the beauties of God's world, but directs attention to his creative power and presence in life. In countless ways, parents who are alert to the importance of a Christian atmosphere in the home can utilize conversation, questions, literature, daily experiences, music, and pictures to nurture the religious development of their children.

Praying Together

Prayer, when it represents a normal, natural, consistent expression of devotion and appreciation, fortifies and strengthens the religious life of the entire family. Parents, therefore, represent the key to satisfying prayer habits and experiences. Children learn to pray best when taught by their own parents. Memorized verse prayers which express childhood experiences are helpful; but children should be encouraged to formulate personal prayers in order that they may grow in their ability to communicate with God, thereby learning to know his will and purpose for life.

As children mature, practices of personal daily devotions should supplement family prayer experiences. Every child should possess his own copy of the Bible, a book of prayers, a hymnal, and for older children a devotional guide for daily reading, like *The Secret Place*. The patient counsel of parents, during the formative years of childhood and youth, in encouraging habits of praying, Bible reading, and personal devotions, helps to make the home a place in which religion is not only learned, but practiced.

Grace at Mealtime

The custom of returning thanks before beginning a meal is one that Jesus practiced. The simple act of acknowledging one's dependence upon God has particular value. Offering a short prayer at the beginning of each meal does much to establish an awareness of God's grace and goodness.

Many different procedures are possible as the fam-

by Olive Walker Hanson

ily gathers around the table to thank God for the blessings of health, and strength, and daily food. It is not wise to prolong these procedures, however, especially when small children are involved. A well-known verse or stanza of a hymn, a brief prayer of thanksgiving, or a short period of silence with a spoken "amen" will usually be adequate and effective, if reverently done.

Grace at mealtime by various members of the family can represent a meaningful and buoyant experience as appreciation is expressed for God's gifts, and for those whose efforts have provided daily nourishment. Parents should encourage the participation of children in various ways, using memorized prayers, selected Bible passages, and favorite hymns. Although the spiritual results of such experiences are not measurable, we may be assured that these occasions contribute to the religious growth and commitment of every member of the family circle.

The Family Altar

Nels F. S. Ferre, in his booklet, *Strengthening the Spiritual Life Through Family Devotions*, says that family devotions are a very important part of family life. The family altar is central in its life, used or abused. The family is essentially a church, a community of God, either free and outreaching, or frustrated and self-concerned. Families can always find time for what is important. They do not lack time, but fail to see the importance of family devotions.

Often, variations in daily work schedules make it difficult for all members of the family to gather together at a specific time every day. Most families, however, have at least five or ten minutes daily that can be devoted to family worship. When this is not possible, a definite time may be reserved each week for devotions or family worship.

Family worship, whether conducted at the table, in the living room, or at the child's bedside, nurtures a growing sense of reverence for God, and encourages personal habits that have lifelong significance. In moments of quiet meditation and prayer, every member becomes aware of his dependence upon God. Family worship experiences create a desire to know

and to accomplish God's purposes. As the Bible is read in the family circle, or favorite stories are told about Bible personalities, children's minds and spirits are indelibly impressed and molded by Christian ideals.

A significant part of family worship is the thoughtful and reverent reading of the Bible. Bible stories for children may be told from pictures, read by themselves, or repeated from memory.

The singing of hymns by the family does much to preserve the great musical heritage of the Christian church, and at the same time helps to develop a spirit of oneness within the home.

There is definite spiritual value in having the entire family together, reading God's Word, and acknowledging his divine providence. Brief moments of worship are often more pertinent and helpful to children than are longer periods. The reading of a short Bible passage, the sharing of a devotional thought or poem, and a prayer by someone in the family, if reverently handled, can stand out as an occasion of deep spiritual significance. Daily devotional practices and periodic family worship strengthen home and family life. Unless a regular time is chosen and observed, it becomes increasingly easy to neglect practices which point the family toward God.

Care should be taken to keep everyday family religious practices from becoming monotonous and un-

Children acquire faith in God through simple religious practices in the home, such as family worship, grace at mealtime, and bedtime prayers.

—RNS



interesting. It is unwise to repeat the same procedure day after day without variation. Nothing destroys the enthusiasm and interest of children more quickly than meaningless repetition. Procedures should be followed which reflect variety, but even more important, nurture the religious growth of every member. A little planning within the family circle will not only introduce elements of newness and variety, but will enlist everyone's co-operation.

Parental Sensitivity

Religious practices within the home are more inclusive than Bible reading, saying grace at mealtime, and praying together. Christian parents need to develop a sensitivity to daily experiences and relationships that have religious significance, utilizing these for religious instruction, nurture, and enrichment. Consideration for each other, recognition of the contribution that each has to make to the whole,

Study Guide

for "The Family Practices Religion at Home"

This subject should provoke discussion. Encourage members of the group to share ideas and personal experiences in practicing religion at home. Use some of the procedures suggested herewith.

PLAN A

Step 1.

Have someone review the main ideas in this discussion article. Follow this review with a brief discussion session. Select a leader (in advance of the meeting) to conduct the discussion, soliciting questions and comments, and guiding the conversation.

Step 2.

Divide those who are present into several small groups (not more than six persons each). Ask the members of these groups to discuss, "Why are many Christian parents failing today to establish regular religious practices in the home?"

Invite one person in each group to serve as chairman (to guide the discussion), and another, to record every idea. At the end of six minutes announce that two additional minutes will

be allowed for each group to select three of its most significant ideas. Then have each recorder report his findings to the total group. List these ideas on a blackboard, or on a large sheet of newsprint.

Step 3.

Discuss the major ideas that have been enumerated, asking each recorder to elaborate upon his respective group suggestions.

Step 4.

Suggest that the total group share ideas on "the pros and cons of practicing religion in the home."

Divide the blackboard into two sections, captioning one column "pros" (advantages) and the second column "cons" (disadvantages). Compare these pros and cons to determine which ones appear to be most significant.

Step 5.

Conduct a sharing session, inviting each one present to describe religious practices that have been most meaningful in their family experience.

Step 6.

Before adjourning, have the person

who has served as the "observer" in this meeting review a) the most significant ideas that emerged during the discussion, and b) how these ideas might be implemented in daily family life. Prior to this meeting, select an observer, asking this person to record worthwhile suggestions and experiences, and to share the same in a concluding five-minute report.

Resources for Discussion Leaders Leaflets

"Helping Your Child to Know God"
"Helping Your Child to Know the Bible"

"Helping Your Child to Pray"
"You are Teaching Your Child Religion"
"Christian Worship in the Family"

Booklet

Enjoying the Bible at Home, Gebhard

Book

Guideposts to Creative Family Worship, Gebhard

PLAN B

Following a five- or ten-minute review of the major suggestions in this article, conduct a brief discussion of these ideas, allowing time for the free exchange of personal experiences.

If projection equipment is available, the group might use one of the following audio-visuals which are based upon the theme of family worship:

Films

Bible on the Table. Shows Johnny Martin learning about family worship of a neighbor family as he delivers groceries. Serenity of this home is attributed to family worship at the breakfast table. Johnny tells his mother; and in spite of the opposition of his father and sister family worship is established in their home. Recommended to encourage interest in Bible reading and to stimulate family worship. Twenty-seven minutes, black and white, rental \$8.00.

Faith of Our Families. The Jordan family discovers the benefits of family devotions; and Bill Jordan tells about it in an interesting way. The film gives

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and the settling of problems in the spirit of Jesus are essential to a Christian home. Each member of the family has the right to be recognized as an individual, and to participate in decisions which must be made for the group as a whole.

The Christian home is one in which the family lives, works, worships, and plays together, thereby encouraging and strengthening all within the household.

Successful Christian family life requires careful, prayerful, and intelligent planning, in order that every member may share in and feel a concern for the spiritual, moral, and social growth of the entire group. Parents who encourage their children to share suggestions, express creative ideas, and participate in meaningful worship experiences create a home environment which is conducive to Christian living, commitment, and character.

BIBLEGRAM

by *Hilda E. Allen*

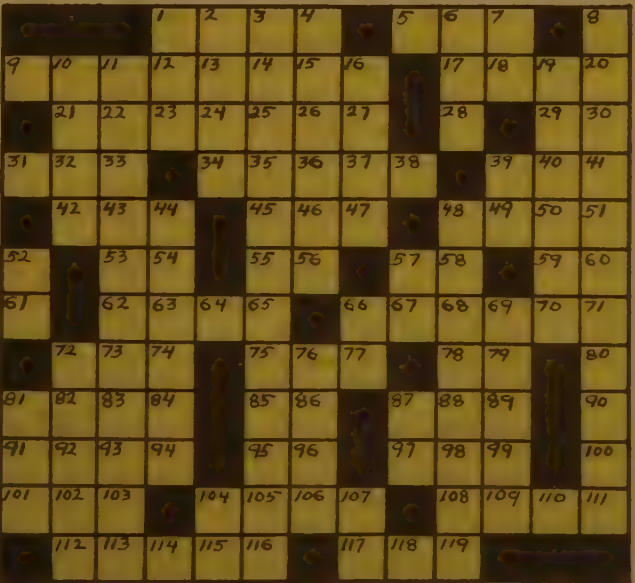
Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- A Opposite of low -----
105 118 15 38
- B Sound a small bird makes -----
51 83 36 80 8
- C Book of the Old Testament, girl's name -----
10 73 104 117
- D What to do with a certain chicken bone -----
108 43 103 48
- E The floor of a fireplace -----
52 89 28 66 47 24
- F Your shout, repeated on the sound waves -----
106 37 69 61
- G What Prince Charles will be some day -----
3 109 75 21
- H The leg, between the knee and the trunk -----
11 88 55 62 97
- I Yellowish-gray cat -----
17 114 29 72 107
- J Least -----
96 7 59 25 99 50
- K Comfortable, like a home -----
57 76 119 41 102
- L The first letter of a name -----
13 45 67 5 81 49 1
- M One way to serve potatoes -----
90 19 53 60 116 42
- N Color of an angel's robe -----
34 18 91 23 113

- O A trench dug for drainage -----
92 85 64 68 40
- P Nickname for a person from Indiana -----
6 31 54 39 2 70 12
- Q Rule that says "Do unto others," etc. -----
82 32 111 44 63 86
- R Girl who stays with the children -----
71 98 20 84 4 30
- S Man who stands directly in front of the catcher -----
78 9 87 94 58 26
- T Detains, or hinders for a time -----
33 16 112 22 79 65
- U Small points or specks -----
100 95 74 27
- V Hangs on to -----
35 46 110 14 56
- W Very great in number -----
115 101 93 77

(Solution on page 30)





—photo by erb

Where there is a spirit of family co-operation and equality, everyone wants to have a part in improving the home, and takes pride in family achievements.

GROUP DYNAMICS

"I was glad to find out that our family knows so much about stewardship," commented our teen-age daughter not long ago. "The film that we saw at the church tonight talked about some of the very things that we have learned right here at home."

I listened in surprise to what she was saying. I had not been aware of any special effort to teach stewardship in our family. For one thing, I find it difficult to teach anything to teen-agers at home. When I do try, I am often told something like this: "Now, Mother, you are lecturing again." These are words, of course, that most of us as parents do not like to hear. So, as I listened to what she was saying, I found myself thinking, "How have we taught stewardship in our home?"

I thought of a lively discussion that we had had several weeks ago. The family had started out by trying to decide whether they would be willing to help more at home, so that I could give more time to an added responsibility at the church. We had talked about how our gratitude to God for all our blessings leads us to want to use our talents in his service. Someone said that in his opinion we owed

God everything that we have—all of our time and even our money. We did not agree entirely with that statement; but the idea moved us into a discussion of how we were using our money as a family. We talked about whether we should raise our church pledge another year. I remembered these things that we had said; but I could not remember anyone saying, "We are having a lesson in stewardship." Yet, as I thought of it now, it occurred to me that each one of us had learned something about Christian stewardship from that discussion.

Modern educators and psychologists are making thrilling discoveries about what happens to individuals in groups that come together to face common problems and needs. The moving forces that are at work within the group have been carefully studied. Much is being written that explains this group process in terms that we can all understand. I am convinced that we can learn to apply some of this knowledge to help us improve relationships within the family.

Our families are small, intimate groups that have opportunities for sharing that cannot be found any-

where else. All too often our trouble is that we do not make the best use of those opportunities. We all know that we can be helped by a family discussion; but there can be times when we feel that we have been harmed. For example, a family can learn together what it means to show gratitude to God in Christian living. Or, if the situation is different, a family discussion can be turned into a lesson in hatred and bitterness, which is expressed in terms of angry actions against others. What we have learned is conditioned by what has happened to us in the group.

Most of us can remember times when our attitudes and behavior have been changed because of experiences that we have had within the family group. If we ask ourselves what has brought about the change, we will find that many factors have entered in.

One factor that has certainly played an important part in the experience is what we may refer to as the emotional climate of the group. In simple terms this means the freedom that we felt to express our true feelings. We know that there are times when we try to hide from our family that which we really think. We are afraid of what they will think of us if they see us as we actually are. Parents and teenagers alike are tempted to lock their real feelings deep inside themselves.

As parents we sometimes have a tendency to demand that our teen-agers accept "my opinions with-

tonight." In that family she was free to voice her opinions, because she knew that no one would attempt to pass judgment on her feelings.

It is not easy to create a comfortable, emotional climate such as the one that we have just described. It is not easy, but it can be done.

We may find that the first hard task which we face is that of becoming humble enough to learn from each other. Someone has said that we cannot learn anything until we can admit that there is something that we do not know. When a parent can say to a child, "I really do not know what should be done about this; but I will help you look for the answer," he is showing the humble spirit that leads to learning. The same spirit is evident in the words of the teen-ager who says, "I was wrong about that, Dad. Will you explain again what you were saying? This time I will listen."

When we begin listening to each other, we have taken another step in the direction of a comfortable, emotional climate. What does it mean *really to listen* to another person? It is more than simply hearing the words that are spoken. It implies that we are aware of the other person as an individual who has problems and dreams locked up inside him which he wants to share with someone else. We recognize that he has the same need to talk to other people that we

at Work in the Family

out question simply because they are my opinions." Our attitude seems to say, "Father knows best because he is Father." When we do this, we need not be surprised if the young person responds by becoming argumentative. He may, at times, say in effect, "All parents are old-fashioned. I can't expect them to understand me." In each case a mind has been closed against new ideas; and an area of conflict has been opened up.

How different it is when there is that freedom of expression which permits us to say what we honestly think and feel! "I hate everybody in the whole world," one of my teen-age friends announced not long ago. "I am not even sure that I love God." She glanced around at her family seated at the breakfast table. No one looked shocked at what she had said. No one said anything in reply. Everyone seemed to accept her remarks as an expression of what she felt at that moment.

That evening she again looked at her family as they sat at the table. "I love to come home to our house," she bubbled. "I feel so comfortable here. I have decided that it is not a bit hard to love God

ourselves have. So we give to him our loving concern, as he tries to reveal to us a part of himself.

Not long ago I listened to a group of parents lamenting that the modern family spends so little time together. I thought about what they were saying; and I wondered if we are giving enough attention to the little time that we do have. I have decided that even a few minutes spent in a genuine awareness of each other can be more rewarding emotionally than hours spent in trying to hide ourselves from each other. It's worth trying.

Not only must we be aware of each person as an individual in our family group. We must learn to love and accept him just as he is. It is interesting to notice how many times we try to change each other. Over and over we are brought into sharp conflict because we are trying to force our will on someone else.

"I think that your trouble with our daughter is that you are trying to create her in your own image," a husband told his wife. "I am sure that she loves and admires you; but she doesn't want to be forced

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No one wants to be forced to be like someone else. He wants a chance to become himself. He needs to feel loved for just what he is. We cannot change each other; but we can help each other to change.

Any Christian family can begin working toward the goal of becoming a dynamic group in which each member feels that he has a right to become himself, and that he is loved for himself. Within the security of that kind of love he can face his faults and set about changing them.

What other group should find more of a challenge in this goal than a Christian family? After all, this is Christian living at its best.

Include God In Your Home Blueprints

(Continued from page 2)

as they sang, "Take My Life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

Of the ceremony the Fuehrers say, "The dedication gave a real lift to our lives. It touched every one of us with a new sense of our oneness with God."

In the church at large, the over-all results have been far-reaching. Many commented that this was their first knowledge of such a service and praised the effectiveness of such observances. Others are planning similar dedicatory services and are awakened to the need for a renewal of the spiritual bond between themselves and their Creator. They, too, yearn to say, as did the Albert M. Fuehrer family, "As for me and my house, we will serve the LORD" (Joshua 24:15).

The Really Family

(Continued from page 21)

So now there was Mrs. Todd and Mr. Todd and Marshmallow living happily in the pretty pink house with the green roof.

Every morning Mrs. Todd cooked eggs and blueberry muffins for Mr. Todd. She poured cream in a saucer for Marshmallow. She was happy.

But one day she sat down and folded her small hands. "I am sad," she said. "No one belongs to us . . . just Marshmallow."

"Oh, my, dearest," said Mr. Todd.

He got his second-best hat with the tiny robin feather. He walked down the road and turned the corner to Gentleman John's house.

"You have a big dog with long ears and brown spots," said Mr. Todd. "You have three puppies with bright eyes and small pink tongues."

"Yes," said Gentleman John. "Would you like to have one of my puppies?"

Mr. Todd looked at the puppies for

a long time. "Oh, my!" he said. "How can I ever choose?"

But just then one puppy climbed right out of the box. He went close to Mr. Todd's feet. He sniffed . . . and sniffed. "Yip, yip!" he said.

"Why, Yip-yip!" cried Mr. Todd. "You have chosen me!"

When Mrs. Todd saw Yip-yip, she clapped her hands. She was so happy.

Every morning she cooked eggs and muffins and poured milk in a saucer. She gave Yip-yip two small doggy biscuits. And she sang while she dusted all the pretty rooms in the pink house with the green roof.

But one day she looked sad again. She said, "We have no one to care for but Marshmallow . . . and Yip-yip."

So Mr. Todd put on his second-best hat. He walked to a store where there were one-hundred-and-one bird cages. "I want to buy a bird that can sing," he said.

Mr. Birdman said, "Here is a beautiful yellow bird. He will sing high. He will sing low."

Mr. Todd was pleased. He bought a nice green cage, too.

When Mrs. Todd heard the yellow bird sing, she laughed and sang too. "You are my Goldie," she said. "You make everybody happy."

But although Mrs. Todd had much to do fixing eggs and muffins and pouring milk in a saucer, and breaking up dog biscuits, and giving Goldie tiny seeds, she still was lonely. She sat in her pretty garden, but she didn't smile at the flowers. She didn't pull up weeds. She didn't water the tender green plants. She just couldn't laugh.

Marshmallow purred her nicest purr, but Mrs. Todd didn't smile. Yip-yip did a wonderful double somersault, but Mrs. Todd didn't smile. Goldie sang high-high then low-low, but still Mrs. Todd didn't smile. Mr. Todd told a funny story, but it was no use.

Mr. Todd began to feel sad, too, because when his dearest dear was sad, he was sad.

"Please try to tell me," he said. "What will make you happy again?"

Mrs. Todd thought and thought. At last she said, "We have no children to love. Every house needs a small boy and a small girl."

"Oh," said Mr. Todd. "Oh, my! But no children have ever come to live with us."

"But I do wish for children," said Mrs. Todd.

Mr. Todd didn't quite know what to do. He put his . . . oh, his first-best hat with two robin feathers on it. For this was a terrible problem.

He walked to the Maloony house, for they had five boys and five girls.

Mrs. Maloony gave him a warm slice of bread, but she said, "I love all my children too much. I could never give away one—not even one."

Poor Mr. Todd! He was afraid that this time he would not make his dearest's wish come true. He stopped at the

Women Can Win Africa for Christ

(Continued from page 12)

wives cannot go right away, their husbands generally are loyal to them, rather than being unfaithful.

Christian husbands have more respect for their women. The men increasingly do more of the work.

The younger generation of men, especially Christians, assigns a higher status to women.

In churches and clubs, which have been formed by the social development department of the Tanganyika government, women learn to read and do handicraft work.

Since Christians generally are more literate than Moslems, the faith of the former probably is more meaningful than that of the latter. This can help the Christians to be more articulate about their faith. In the long run this could win the continent for Christianity.

The biggest factor, however, is the example of love displayed by the Christians. One young mother of the Turu tribe had lost two sons in childbirth. She did not wish to lose the expected third child; and a medical missionary told her to be sure to get to the hospital before the baby arrived.

But it arrived prematurely, at her home. The second day after it was born, she walked eighteen miles to the mission hospital to have the son examined. Love and devotion like this will win a continent for Christ.

The Turu and Lamba tribes number about 305,000 people, only one of whom is in college. Yet for a backward, depressed people, only a few steps removed from savagery, that is quite an achievement.

The young college student's grandfather is a witch doctor, and his father is a shiftless, aimless farmer. But his mother had love and dreams, which inspired her son to move forward.

The future of Africa depends upon the women. They must give their sons the love, wisdom, drive, and courage which will spur them toward lifting a continent out of darkness.

The women must be educated—but for the home, not out of it. As they receive more education, they will gain more self-respect, and also gain a higher esteem in the eyes of men.

Education and love—Christian throughout—will help the women win a continent for Christ.

Hunters' and the Judsons' and the Grays' and the Bennys'. They had so many, many children. But would they give Mr. Todd one? No, they certainly would not!

Poor Mr. Todd. He climbed a high hill and sat down on the very top. He
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Mother's Special Day

by Loie Brandom

In a very special way,
We hope to honor Mother's Day;
So come and help us as we pay
A tribute to mothers, be they young or gray.

Special decorations for any occasion help put the guests in a gala mood. In this case the matter of making the assembly hall look especially attractive can be left in the hands of the teen-agers. Flowers in pastel shades with a background of ferns or other greenery, and streamers of pastel-hued ribbons in which have been knotted tiny bouquets of blossoms or ferns are most appropriate for the spring season.

As the guests arrive, pin on each mother a heart-shaped pink card bearing her name, indicating that she is a guest of honor on this occasion.

Fast Talking is a good game with which to start the fun. The players are seated in a circle. Two young hostesses will be needed to conduct this stunt: one to explain the game and watch the clock, and the other to count the words silently as they are spoken. The key word to be used is *motherhood*; but the players will not be aware of this at first. The leader chooses one of the contestants to lead off. The object is for her to say as many words as she can think of that begin with the letter called by the leader. At the end of thirty seconds time is called; and the hostess who has counted the words calls out the total and writes it down on a score card. A regular pattern should not be followed when designating the contestants, so that no one will know exactly when her turn will come, and cannot anticipate what her letter will be. The players will soon catch on to the fact that the letters forming the word *motherhood* are being used; but in this system of calling that knowledge will not be of service. When each contestant has had a chance to score, a prize is awarded to the one who has named the longest list of words.

Appropriate prizes for a Mother's Day party would be a box of dainty note paper, a corsage, a crystal vase containing one rosebud, a handkerchief, a book of poems about Mother, or recordings of "mother" songs.

Mother's Favorite Songs can be a tableau to be presented by the young people. Heavy, dark drapes should curtain off one end of the room, and chairs placed for all the other guests in such a way that each member of the audience can see the players easily. The young people should be in costume and pose in the characters representing each song. Behind the curtains, in front of a white background, a

huge picture frame will be in place. It is in this frame that the different scenes of the tableau are posed, so that when the curtains are drawn back, the scene makes a picture.

The members of the audience are to identify the song portrayed. The first one to call out the correct name will be handed a long-stemmed flower by an usher. At the end of the tableau, the guest having collected the most flowers in this manner receives a prize. Some of the songs that the young people will find easy to represent are "Old Black Joe"; "Two Little Girls in Blue"; "Red Wing"; "Star-Spangled Banner"; "The Wearing of the Green"; "Turkey in the Straw"; "America"; "Silver Threads Among the Gold"; "Blest Be the Tie That Binds"; "Jingle Bells"; "Indian Love Call" or "Indian Lullaby"; "Long, Long Ago"; "Old Folks at Home"; "Row Your Boat"; "Seeing Nellie Home"; "The Bird on Nellie's Hat"; "Smiles"; "Tenting Tonight"; "Good Night, Ladies"; and so on.

Mother's Future Activities. Making use of the dark curtains that were necessary in the tableau, the young people can quickly begin pinning to the curtains, pictures that they have already cut from old magazines, depicting all sorts of things that their mothers might be doing in the coming year. Such things as traveling by boat, camel, train, or air, in this country or in foreign countries, climbing mountains, or basking on a sunny beach beside the sea; pictures of people golfing, fishing, swimming, horseback riding, or cooking, sewing, knitting, camping, entertaining guests, or making speeches on a stage; performing for TV or radio, attending the opera, playing a musical instrument, gardening, raising livestock, writing, teaching, attending church, and so on, including almost every occupation or recreation of which one can think.

The mothers, one at a time, are blindfolded, handed a light cane, and asked to point to some picture on the curtains which will be an indication, or foretell what each one's principal occupation will be in the near future.

Famous Mothers is a splendid paper-and-pencil game. A big blackboard may be used on which to write the questions; or a leader may read them off, allowing plenty of time for a bit of thinking between each one. To be filled out in full the following are suggested:

(Continued on page 30)

The Really Family

(Continued from page 28)

thought and thought. Once he thought he heard children laughing and playing. But he knew that he must be dreaming.

Then a small girl with yellow hair and a huge blue hair ribbon sat down beside him.

"Hello!" But it wasn't the yellow-haired girl that spoke. It was a black-haired boy sitting on the other side of Mr. Todd.

"My, my!" cried Mr. Todd. "Who are you . . . and you?"

"I am Joan," said the girl.

"I am Jay," said the boy.

"Oh, very nice," said Mr. Todd. His heart thumped and thumped; but he knew it would be no use even asking. They wouldn't come and live with him. So he just sat and went on thinking what to do. He was getting hungry; and he wanted to go home to the pink house with the green roof. He wanted some of Mrs. Todd's green apple pie.

Suddenly, Joan said, "Can I come live with you?"

And Jay said, "Me too. Can I live with you?"

Mr. Todd jumped up. He was so excited that he jumped up and down . . . and down and up. "But where are your mother and your father?" he asked.

A big tear splashed down Joan's

cheek. A tear rolled down Jay's cheek, too.

"We have no mother," said Joan.

"No father," said Jay.

They pointed to a big gray house that Mr. Todd hadn't even seen.

"There are too many children there," they said.

"Too many children!" cried Mr. Todd. Now he knew that he really had heard children laughing and playing together. It was no dream!

Joan took his left hand; Jay took his right hand. They led him to a plump lady in a huge white apron. "It's true," she said. "So many children. And no mothers or fathers."

So Mr. Todd took Joan and Jay to the pink house with the green roof. They skipped all the way. Even Mr. Todd.

Mrs. Todd saw them coming. She ran to meet them. She kissed Joan on the nose. She kissed Jay on both cheeks. She cried, "At last we are a family. A really, real family."

So Marshmallow and Yip-yip and Goldie and Joan and Jay all lived together. They lived with Mrs. Todd and Mr. Todd in the pretty pink house with the green roof.

And never, never were any of them lonely again!

Mother's Special Day

(Continued from page 29)

1. What was the name of the mother of two children who became the wife of George Washington?

2. The famous portrait of an aged woman dressed in black and sitting in a rocking chair is called "----- Mother."

3. What was the full name of President Abe Lincoln's sons' mother?

4. Clara Barton has been rightfully called "Mother of the -----."

5. Finish the line from the old Irish song: "God bless you and keep you, Mother -----."

6. Madame Schumann-Heink is known as the "Mother of the American -----."

7. Who said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel Mother"?

8. In the Bible, what king wisely settled a dispute between two mothers?

9. What mother went to the cupboard and found it bare?

10. Name the most famous mother of whom the world has ever heard.

The answers are 1. Martha Custis, 2. Whistler's Mother, 3. Mary Todd Lincoln, 4. Red Cross, 5. Machree, 6. Legion, 7. Abraham Lincoln, 8. Solomon, 9. Mother Hubbard, 10. Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

Near the end of the evening prizes may be awarded to the oldest mother present; the youngest mother present; the mother who has had the most children; the mother who has lived in the neighborhood the longest; and the mother who has come the greatest distance to attend the party. There may be some visitors from far-off places who

will capture that prize.

Light refreshments, easy for the young hostesses to serve, could be only ice cream, cake squares, and coffee, or various kinds of sandwiches and coffee, which can be prepared ahead of time. Just so the mothers do not have to do the work.

Group Dynamics at Work in the Family

(Continued from page 27)

into being just like you."

No one wants to be forced to be like someone else. He wants a chance to become himself. He needs to feel loved for just what he is. We cannot change each other; but we can help each other to change.

Any Christian family can begin working toward the goal of becoming a dynamic group in which each member feels that he has a right to become himself, and that he is loved for himself. Within the security of that kind of love he can face his faults and set about changing them.

What other group should find more of a challenge in this goal than a Christian family? After all, this is Christian living at its best.

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

"Like the partridge that gathers a brood which she did not hatch, so is he who gets riches but not by right; in the midst of his days they will leave him." —Jeremiah 17:11.

The Words

A High
B Chirp
C Ruth
D Wish
E Hearth
F Echo
G King
H Thigh
I Tabby
J Fewest
K Homey
L Initial
M Mashed
N White
O Ditch
P Hoosier
Q Golden
R Sitter
S Batter
T Delays
U Dots
V Holds
W Vast

It's a Fact:

HEARTHSTONE
is for everybody

Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

many practical suggestions and demonstrations for devotions in varied family groups. Forty minutes, black and white, rental \$11.50.

Filmstrips

At Home with God. Explains to a visiting relative how the family started regular home worship. A typical home worship period is shown; and the changes in conduct of family members are briefly indicated as resulting from Bible reading in the family circle. Eighteen minutes, 10" records, rental \$2.50.

At the conclusion of this film or filmstrip divide the group into small units of four to six persons, asking each one to discuss a) which religious practices or procedures seemed to be most realistic and b) which of these practices have been used by members of the group?

Conclude with a short summary of useful ideas and suggestions.



BOOKS

for the hearthside

For Children

A book that combines teaching values and nonsense rhymes will delight both children and their parents. Such a book is **Somebody's Slippers, Somebody's Shoes**, by Barbara Brenner (Wm. R. Scott, Inc., 1957, unpagged, \$2.50). The text makes use of experiences familiar to children, coupled with the kind of words that they like to use when they are experimenting with and enjoying sounds. It also distinguishes the uses for various kinds of foot gear that most children use. The delightful illustrations by Leslie Jacobs add to the fun of this book.

Girls who like to climb trees will enjoy **A Tree for Phyllis and Me**, by Bobby Snow Boal (Wm. R. Scott, Inc., 1957, 48 pages, \$2.50). It tells of two neighbor girls who loved to climb trees. The trees are described in detail, as are the girls' tree houses and the methods that they used to send messages and materials from one to another. During this time they live in a world of magic—partly real, partly make-believe—but one day they realize that it cannot last forever. They vow to remember, always, "this minute." And Mrs. Boal did—enough to write this book. The author's illustrations add to the charm of the book.

For Youth

Sports cars, gliders, and lively teen-agers are some of the elements that go into **Conquer the Winds**, by Ernie Rydberg (Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1957, 153 pages. \$2.75). Seventeen-year-old Rocky Rockford is almost buried in a sea of troubles, many of his own making. Some of them look to outsiders as though they are the product of irresponsibility, yet they really are not. At any rate, Rocky is essentially a young man possessed of the right qualities and background; and in the end his adventures come out on the credit side of the human ledger. Much of the book has to do with glider aviation, a field which has not been too widely exploited for young readers up to now.

For Adults

One way of keeping accurately, quickly, and well-informed is by reading **Public Affairs Pamphlets**, published at 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, N. Y. They are brief, twenty-eight pages each, and sell for only 25 cents per single copy. The following are on vari-

ous topics of interest to adults and parents.

No. 224, *What Makes a Volunteer?* by Melvin A. Glasser. Points out how people can volunteer their services in emergencies and the relationship of such service to the strengthening of democratic society.

No. 229, *Psychologists in Action*, by Elizabeth Ogg. The unique contribution of the trained psychologist to many areas of modern life is discussed. Their work is valuable to understanding human behavior.

No. 226, *The United Nations—Ten Years of Achievement*, by William A. DeWitt. What the UN has done in the first ten years should be known by us all.

No. 230, *Our Natural Resources—And Their Conservation*, by Richard L. Neuberger. The importance of conserving our natural resources is vigorously presented to prevent national suicide.

No. 233, *Who's on First?* by Jack Mabley. The story of how sports in America has led the way in securing greater measures of fair play for all Americans.

No. 235, *Is Disarmament Possible?* by Jerome H. Spingarn. A Washington, D. C., lawyer points out what is involved and the responsibility of the public in general for ultimately solving this problem of survival.

No. 237, *This Growing World*, by Robert L. Heilbroner. Tells the story of the World Bank and its work in world economic development.

No. 238, *The Independent School in American Education*, by Terry Ferrer. The education editor of *Newsweek* magazine points out the contributions of privately financed and controlled schools to our educational scene.

Over the back fence

National Christian Family Week

The first full week of May is designated annually as National Family Week. It is observed by both Jews and Christians. Among the latter it is better known as Christian Family Week.

It is probable that your church has already made plans to recognize this significant occasion. It may be that nothing more than a Mother's Day program is planned in some organization of the church; but even this is a phase of the emphasis of the week.

Hearthstone hopes for its readers and for all homes of our churches that the observance of this week shall become more than an annual one-day or even one-week affair. Perhaps you can be the stimulating influence in your church that will result in a more effective program of Christian family life and a more continuous and extensive program of Christian family life education.

American Baptists may write to Joseph J. Hanson, Division of Home, Church, and Community, 1703 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa. Disciples may write Richard E. Lentz, United Christian Missionary Society, 222 S. Downey Ave., Indianapolis 7, Ind. Both are directors of departments of family life for their respective organizations and will be happy to help.

Some Long Thoughts About Youth

We have recently had called to our attention some interesting facts about young people in our country—those between the ages of 12 and 24. These facts give rise to some long, long thoughts which can only be hinted at here. Through the year articles will appear which will assist parents and church school workers in understanding and counseling more ef-

fectively with their youth.

1. Young people are older for their age by about two years than they were ten years ago, particularly in their dating practices and in life work choices.

2. Young people have a total of 42,000 different jobs to choose from for their life work. In 1940 only 20,000 opportunities were open.

3. Young people in one-fifth of the nation's families are moved from one community to another each year. This results in many problems.

4. Today's 16 million teen-agers will increase to 24 million by 1965. What will that mean for churches?

5. These 16 million teeners have access to 9 billion dollars in earnings and allowances.

6. In this age span there are more than 100,000 girls and young women who have been married and divorced. Six thousand of these are between 14 and 17 years in age.

No home or church can afford to take a short view of these facts. Parents and youth workers in the church have a challenging responsibility facing them NOW to meet present needs and future demands. *Hearthstone* will offer every bit of help that it can muster to all of you who are concerned.

Those Hidden Persuaders

Vance Packard, author of the disturbing book *The Hidden Persuaders*, charges modern American advertising and sales promotion with three offenses: (1) Invading the privacy of our mind, (2) deliberate encouragement of irrational behavior, and (3) manipulating Americans to make them more self-indulgent, more pleasure-minded, more materialistic, more passive, and more conforming.

His book would provide any group with material for exciting and stimulating discussion. There is no space available at this point to consider it here.

It does suggest, however, that American families stand in need of developing some guards against the abuses of the hidden persuaders. At least one guard is an adequate conception of Christian stewardship.

Poetry Page

Would We Trade?

We who have known much laughter,
Have tasted the dregs of pain.
What though the woe came after,
Shall we count it less than gain?

Would we have given the laughter,
Just to be spared the pain?
Would we give up the sunlight,
Just to avoid the rain?

We have been blessed with feeling
The heights and the depths of life—
We would not trade for the shallows,
To live above the strife!

—Leila T. Ammerman

Other Gifts

It would be wonderful to have a voice
Of bell-like tones one could project with ease.
To paint or write is reason to rejoice,
But since I have no gift for these,

Give me a searching quality of mind,
And faith that looks to God, my course to chart.
Give me a spirit, buoyant, unresigned,
And best of all, a wisdom of the heart.

—Gene Moore

Spring Morning

Through the window, through the door
Fragrant spring drifts in once more,
Scent of lilac, orchard trees,
Song of bird and hum of bees.
As I work around the room,
Kitchen tasks all wear the bloom
Of the season's burgeoning.
Such a gay, resurgent thing
That each daily chore seems light
On a vernal day so bright.
And the heart, uplifted, sings,
One with leaf and flower and wings.

—Louise Darcy

Salesmanship

This and more's the art of selling.
It's the art of nigh compelling.
Every doubt you are dispelling.
On good features you are dwelling.
All competitors excelling.
Benefits galore foretelling.
One direction you're impelling.
Now your argument is jelling.
Conversation you're propelling;
All rebelling you are quelling.
The lady's dinner, burnt, is smelling;
You'd better git before she's yelling!

—Olive Marie Cook



FOR MOTHER'S DAY--

to brighten Mother's kitchen hours

For Mother (and any other special woman) here's a gift that will rate high. It's an up-to-date cookbook with over 500 tested, tempting recipes—basic dishes for wholesome meals plus gourmet adventures in food. Dishes have exciting biblical names like *Chicken Jeremiah*, *Pentecost Cake*, *Onion Seraphim*, *Spinach Zechariah*. Fascinating information about food and the Hebrews and Christians of biblical times is included. Pertinent Scripture verses and beautiful illustrations enrich its pages. Basic tips on selecting,

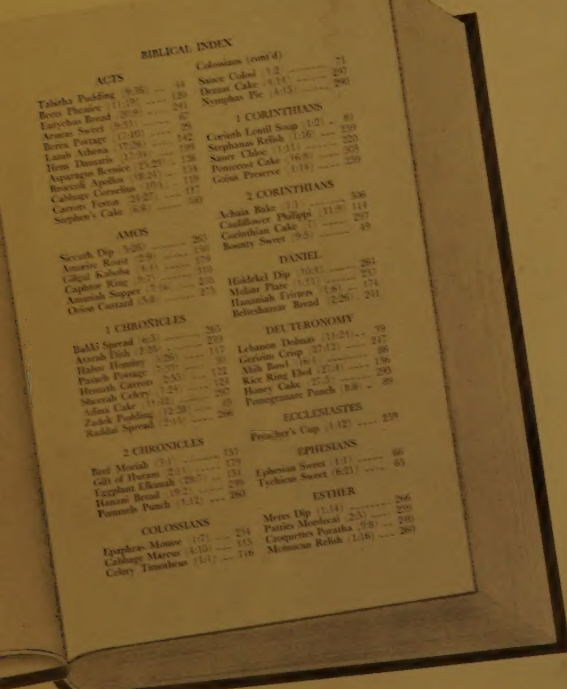
storing, preparing and serving foods are given in each section in "Ten Commandments" form. Biblical weights and measures and modern equivalents, a glossary of cooking terms, a section of inspiring table graces, help with church dinners, a complete index listing foods under book, chapter and verse of the Bible to which each name refers—many, many features! Your Mother—every mother—will want it in her kitchen!*

*Say, Mom. If they don't take the hint, order it yourself. Let these wonderful foods be your gift to them.

A special section, *Feeding the Multitudes*, makes it a book that should be in every church, available to everyone who must plan, prepare and serve meals to large groups of people. Complete menu ideas and instructions make it invaluable.



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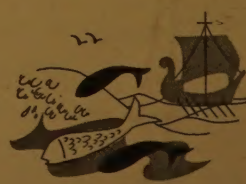
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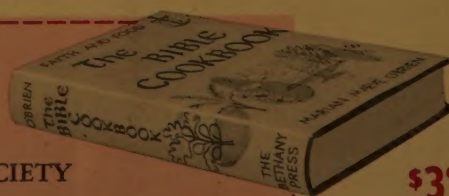
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The author, Marian Maeve O'Brien, is food editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. She has a cooking and literary background rich with variety and highlighted by national recognition. Writings in her wonderful style appear frequently in *House and Garden*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and other national magazines.